

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
of
THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
presents

JULIE LEMON

piano

Friday, March 14, 1975 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Arts Building

SONATA IN D MAJOR Padre Antonio Solér

SONATA IN F-SHARP MAJOR Padre Antonio Solér

WINTER WORDS, OPUS 52 Benjamin Britten

1. At Day-close in November
2. Midnight on the Great Western
(or the Journeying Boy)
3. Wagtail and baby (a Satire)
4. The Little Old Table
5. The Choirmaster's Burial
(or the Tenor Man's story)
6. Proud Songsters
(Thrushes, Finches and Nightingales)
7. At the Railway Station
(or the convict and the boy with the violin)
8. Before Life and After

Nigel Lemon, tenor

SONATA IN E MAJOR, OPUS 109 Beethoven

Vivace, ma non troppo, sempre legato

Prestissimo

Andante molto cantabile ed espressivo

INTERMISSION

CARNAVAL, OPUS 9 Robert Schumann

Préambule	Chopin
Pierrot	Estrella
Arlequin	Reconnaissance
Valse Noble	Pantalon et Colombine
Eusebius	Valse Allemande
Florestan	Paganini
Coquette	Aveu
Replique	Promenade
Papillons	Pause
Lettres dansantes	Marche des "Davidsbundler" contre les
Chiarina	Philistines

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the Master of Music degree for Mrs. Lemon.

WINTER WORDS

Lyrics and Ballads of Thomas Hardy

AT DAY CLOSE IN NOVEMBER

The ten hours light is abating,
And a late bird wings across,
Where the pines, like walzers waiting, waiting,
Give their black heads a toss.
Beech leaves, that yellow the noontime,
Float past like specks, like specks in the eye;
I set every tree in my June time,
And now they obscure the sky.
And the children who ramble through here
Conceive that there never has been
A time when no trees, no tall trees grew here,
That none will in time be seen.

MIDNIGHT ON THE GREAT WESTERN (or The Journeying Boy)

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy
And the roof-lamp's oily flame
Played down on his listless form and face
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going
Or whence he came, or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy
Had a ticket stuck; and a string
Around his neck bore the key of his box,
That twinkled gleams of the lamp's sad beams
Like a living thing, a living thing.

What past can be yours
O journeying boy
Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if incurious quite
On all at stake, can undertake
This plunge alone?

WAGTAIL AND BABY (A Satire)

A baby watch'd a ford, where to
A wagtail came for drinking;
A blaring bull went wading through
The wagtail showed no shrinking.
A stallion splash'd his way across,
The birdie nearly sinking;
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,
And held his own unblinking.
Next saw the baby round the spot
A mongrel slowly slinking;
The wagtail gazed but faltered not
In dip and sip and prinking.
A perfect gentleman then neared:
The wagtail in a winking,
With terror rose and disappeared;
The baby fell a thinking.

THE LITTLE OLD TABLE

Creak, Creak, little wood thing, creak, creak,
When I touch you with elbow or knee;
That is the way you speak, speak, the way you speak
Of one who gave you to me!

You, you, little table, little table,
she brought, brought,
Brought me with her own hand,
As she looked at me with a thought,
looked at me with a thought
That I did not understand.

Whoever owns it anon, and hears it,
will never know,
What a history hangs upon
This creak, creak, creak, creak, creak
from long ago.

THE CHOIRMASTER'S BURIAL (or The Tenor Man's Story)

He often would ask us That, when he died,
After playing so many To their last rest,
If out of us any Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes play over him
By his grave brim The psalm he liked best
The one whose sense suits "Mount Ephraim"
And perhaps we should seem to him, in Death's dream,
Like the Seraphim, the seraphim.

As soon as I knew That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due And spoke thereupon.
"I think," said the vicar,
"A read service quicker
Than viols out-of-doors
In these frosts and hoars.
That old fashioned way
Requires a fine day,
And it seems to me
It had better not be."

Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he That his wish could not be,
To get through it faster They buried the master
Without any tune.

But 'twas said that, when
At the dead of next night The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken Thronged round about,
Where the frost was graying The headstoned grass
A band all in white Like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing singing, singing and playing
The ancient stave By the choirmaster's grave.
Such the tenor man told When he had grown old.

PROUD SONGSTERS (Thrushes, Finches, and Nightingales)

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales in bushes
Pipe, pipe, as they can when April wears,
As if all time were theirs.

These are brand new birds of twelve-month's growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales, nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain, and earth, and air, and rain.

AT THE RAILWAY STATION, UPWAY (or The Convict and Boy with the Violin)

"There is not much that I can do,
For I've no money that's quite my own!"
Spoke up the pitying child
A little boy with a violin
At the station before the train came in,
"But I can play my fiddle to you,
A nice one 'tis, and good in tone! "
The man in the hand-cuffs smiled;
The constable looked, and he smiled, too,
As the fiddle began to twang;
And the man in the hand-cuffs suddenly sang
With grimful glee:
"This life so free is the life for me!
This life so free, this life so free!"
And the constable smiled, and said no word,
As if unconscious of what he heard;
And so they went on till the train came in
The convict, and the boy with the violin.

BEFORE LIFE AND AFTER

A time there was as one may guess
And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell
Before the birth of consciousness,
When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,
None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-burnings;
None cared whatever crash or cross
Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,
If something winced and waned, no heart was wrung;
If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed,
No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong;
E're ne science shall be re-affirmed
How long?

